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THE DEAD THAT SHONE. BY HENRY T. STANTON. Frankfort Yeoman. From hills that rise with crowning woods
In light and air a-quiver,
Still send the springs their mimic floods,
Free tribute, to the river;
From frieghted leaves that zephyrs turn
When morning bends them over,
Still fall the deaves, and the terms over,

Still fall the dew-drops on the burn That glitters through the clover. Where shadows rest, where sunbeams play, In laughter and in revel, Still go the brooks a vagrant way Toward the lower level.

Through summer green, through autumn brown, With steady, placid motion, Still sweeps the blue Ohie down To meet the waiting ocean. Thus is it with all human kind-Thus will it be forever!

Man's passage here is well defined
In rill, and brook, and river:

He cometh as a drop of dew, His light a moment showing, A breath-and fallen, lost to view Upon the under-flowing. This common course, this common end, Is true, alas! to nature;
So goes the foe, so goes the friend,
And every living creature;
And drops make up the little rill

The rills make up the river. They speed to where is lying still The ocean wide-Forever Who, in some morning's moment brief, By dew, that on some flower-leaf

That single moment glistened Who bath not seen the rainbow hue That makes the perfect drop of dew The fairest thing created? What atom in this atom world Of ash and spark and ember, Or sweeter to remember And who, that through his morning rife Shook down the gems in showers, Hath not, from crowding eve of life, Called back the dewy hours? Fome lives flow out frem hidden springs

And are not clearly singled;
T ey move, a mass of living things,
Of bodies, dark, commingled;
But zome are born like drops of dew
By rain ow arches bounded, With surface bright and outline true, Completely made and rounded.

In memory of such as these Who glorified the hours, We gather here, hope to the trees, With knots and wreaths of flowers; From rill and river motion, few that lived and shone the best

Have found, at last, the Ocean. And here are typified the dews That come, the world adorning. For these were men of rainbow hues Brushed down in life's fresh morning. What matter if they came to sight

The oaly shone with stronger light By reason of the shadow But here were rome from dairy bloom,

And here were some from roses; On common level in the tomb Humanity reposes. In earth the evil and the just, The high and low are blended; It's ash to ash and dust to dust

With garlands green and flowers fair We come to deck the places, Where rest the few of virtue rare That higher manhood graces Upon these mounds that, sprinkled here, Disclose the sadder story, Let living bloom to-day appear A semblance frail of glory.

Here lies the dust of men who fell— The blood of heroes freeing— Who nobly gave to principle The tribute of their being And some were in the gray of morn
And some the blue of even,
The older grown, the litter born,
To pride and purpose given.

In Shiloh's bloody battle tide, By flaming cannon lighted, Waen Albert Sidney Johnston died

Enduring as the river, And all of glory, all of fame Shall be for him forever. And bumbler names shall take the stone

And be retained in story—
Let's carre them deep and make them known
To magnitude of glory;
For there are heroes yet unsung

Who lie within the wicket,
"The galianr Pelham"—fearless Young,
And Lashbrooke, Watts and Pickett, From all the wars here rest some deaf

To do the Country honor,
To show what wealth Kentucky shed
In sacrifice upon her;
For some there were whose mounds here show—
Grand actors in the drama— Who were the blue in Mexico,

God speed the work that keeps in mind This grand heroic feature? That teaches man to love his kind And elevates his nature; That makes him like the drop of dew fhat rests upon the flower, Of purfect form, of rainbow hue— The diamond of his hour.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

VOL. VII.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1883.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT MR. CAWLEY. "Let me get a million and I shall be quite happy." That was poor Samuel Cawley's cry. Poor?—yes, you will understand presently; he had the million when he died. He had a moderately comfortable start in the world, thanks to the industry of his father, who left him a small steady-going business and the requisite knowledge to carry it on successfully. Samuel Cawley did carry it on successfully and various political and commercial events operating in his favor enabled him to transform his moderate business into an extensive one. He was devoted to his work, and having the quickness to use the lucky events of the day advantageously, he tound himself in a few years at the head of an establishment into which money seemed to flow of its own sweet will. At first he was humbly grateful, then he became excited, and next the craving to be-come a millionaire seized him. Every-thing prospered with him, and his ambition was realized. One morning he found that he possessed a million, and, singular as it may seem, he closed his books with a

sigh of relief, satisfied:
But he was somewhat puzzled to discover after the first few days, which were oc cupied in self-congratulations, that he was not quite happy. There was something he wanted still, and what that something was he did not know. He opened his eyes, as it were, for the first time upon life outside his ledger. He had never had any real experience of youth, had never known play as a boy, or sport as a young man; the world of business had so completely ab sorbed him that the world of pleasure was unknown to him. Being still young—just turned forty—he determined to explore this strange world in search of that something which he still required to make him

happy.

He left his business to take care of itself; that is, he spent a couple of hours daily in his office instead of ten or more as he had done formerly; and the two hours were sufficient to keep everything straight. He took a large house in the West End; he purchased an old mansion in Sussex with a thousand acres attached, and abundant shooting and fishing also—unfortunately, not having had any training in these sport, they afforded him no enjoyment. Howev-er, they would please his triends. The ap pointments of his town and country residences were perfect—that is, as perfect as his servants would permit them to be. The cooking-when the cook was in good order -was excellent, the wines were the best Cawley was surrounded by troops of friends he found himself courted on all hands as a man of sterling worth—as a man whom it was a privilege to know. He was amazed by his own popularity; he had never sus-pected that he possessed the qualities re-quisite to shine in society, until he found himself in society and shining with all the

brilliancy of a newly discovered planet.

All this was very agreeable. After be had got over the awkwardness of his first appearance, he began to enjoy himself, he began to think this world of amusement a very good world indeed, and the people in it a kindly and sensible people, with few prejudices comparatively speaking, and ost ready to recognize native talent, for had they not recognized him?

Cawley was not a fool; he said to him-I his is all very nice; but of course we must take it with large proportions of Nevertheless, he swallowed a large quantity of what was very nice without any sait at all, and he was not in the least aware of the mistake.

He did do good, though, he subscribed liberally to miscellaneous charities; he helped many a poor wretch out of monetary scrapes (life or death to the wretch, but nothing at all to him, beyond the trouble of filling up a check); and he did not even turn his back upon poor relations. He had a troop of pensioners. But he had a weak-ness; he liked his benevolence to be recognized. He pro'essed with becoming frank ness that he did not want thanks; he was only too glad when a few pounds could help anybody; at the same time he liked people to be grateful. He liked to hear his own praises sung, and was inclined to look discontentedly upon those dolts who accepted his disclaimers literally and remained silent. He would even, to particular friends, report what he had been obliged to do for poor So-and-so, lamenting all the time that So and so should have so unfortunate as to require his help which he gave so cheerfully, or rather will ingly, as So and so was such a deserving fellow, only rather careless and extrava-

That was Cawley's weakness; he had found the flourish of his check-book apparently such a potent "open sesame" people's homes and hearts, that, whilst really desirous of acting kindly, he lost all sense of the necessity for the generous thought which is even more essential in the composition of kindness than the free hand; the one being the product of a good heart, the other of good fortune.

Surrounded by friends, his society eager-

ly sought by clever poor people and by dull rich people; the proprietor of an excellent estate and the master of a million, there seemed to be nothing left for Mr. Cawley to desire; and yet Mr. Cawley felt that there was something still wanting to complete his happiness. He began to be cynical and to quote the line, "Man never is, but always to be blest." He did not know where the line came from, and he did not care; it looked like a truth, and that was enough for him. He several times thought it would be the best thing for him to return to business, and to apply himself to the accumulation of another million or to the losing of the million he possessed. But that was a very mild idea, and he easily reconciled himself to the theory that his hand was somewhat out of business, and his health would no longer endure hard work. He even thought of marriage. He examined various desirable objects in the marriage market; but being a man accustomed to making a good pargain, he turned away from the numerous available ladies offered for his inspection without making up his mind. Indeed, he felt somewhat dissatisfied; his wealth and position were so clearly the main conditions of his acceptability. Mr. Cawley withdrew from the matrimonial market, a little disgusted and annoyed, perhaps, but without resimples the conditions.

without resigning the idea of matrimony. His friends, however, thought he had made up his mind never to wed, and the most distant relatives found their interest in their dear kinsman suddenly awakened in curious ways. He blossomed out again into the great Mr. Cawley, in his own eyes, as he had been always in the eyes of others, and he decidedly liked the position much better than the one of doubt and speculations had bet a ed him. From this time—without definitely die'd n: to do so—he cast away all doubt of himself; but he suspected everybody who came near him; he was pleased by the sound of his own

an attempt to escape from the jovialities of such a life, and, having his place in Sussex, he proceeded thither. His cousin, Ruth Hanford, was there to

receive him.
"You have everything very nice, Ruth, he said, after he had gone over the place.
"Yes, Cawley, I wanted to make everything comfortable for you when you came. I have been anxious to see you; and I am so glad that you are quite well."
"That's all right," he muttered, irrita-

bly. "I want something to eat."
Ruth, who was a girl with large blue eyes and fair hair, looked at him with an expression which was so mingled that it would be difficult to describe it; there were regret, laughter, and astonishment in it. At one moment she seemed ready to make fun of her friend, and at the next to scoff at him, and again, she had an undefined desire to try and rouse him from his mor bid self by dragging him along with her to the wild dissipation of a walk in the moon-

Now, will you leave me alone, Ruth? I will tell you presently what I mean to

He drew a long breath. He drew a long breath.

"You know what I mean to do? I am going to have a lot of people down here; I am going to have a lot of fun, and we are going to have all the people in the neighborhood coming to us, and you must attend to that.' "I am afraid it will be too much," she

said, with an alarmed expression.
"Nonsense!" he cried, petulantly, "You will be married some day; you will have to attend to these things, and the sooner you begin to learn the better. By and by you will thank me for being hard upon youas I seem to be now."
"Very well. I shall do as you tell me,"
she said, bending her head, and there were

ears in her eyes. He saw them, and suddenly caught her in his arms. "Ruth, Ruth, what is this? Have I been inkind?"

She remained passive whilst he patted her on the head and looked earnestly into her eyes. They remained silent for a moment, she not knowing how to answer; he not knowing how to say more. Then she dashed her hand across her eyes, and tried to draw back from bim.

"No, Cawley, you are not unkind," she said, meekly; "but I am not well, and should like to go up stairs."
"Certainly. You shall do as you please; I was only anxious to comfort you, but of course, if you think it is better that you should be alone, I shall leave you.

Ruth drew herselt away from what was really intended to be a fatherly embrace, but which had become to her the touch of When she had gone, Cawley rose and

looked at himself in the mirror, then, with a "humph" not expressive of much admiration of his personal appearance, turned away and paced the floor with hands clasped behind him and head bowed. "What on earth could she be crying for? I did not say anything to offend her—surely she could not object to my embraces! He paused there, for a curious thought presented itself to him. Whilst he had been flitting about in London society.

seeking a suitable wife, he had never thought of this simple girl who had been living lonely in his country house. How admirably she had arranged everything. and how handsome she was! That had never occurred to him before. Could it be possible that, after all the women he had seen, he should find in his own home the one most suitable to be the companion of

But this was noosense; he had made up his mind never to marry, and he gave himself credit for being a man of resolution He went out to the lawn and walked medi tatively up and down, with Ruth's fair face flashing in his mind's eye.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEASON WHY. Had be known the meaning of Ruth's tears, he would not have been so calm. She had indeed been very lore'y in this large house, with few friends to visit or receive except the vicar, the Rev. John Ware. But his family was a large one, and supplied her with society enough for her modest requirements. There were six young ladies, and a son, the youngest of the family, and about as mischievous a boy as could be found in the country. He was petted by his sisters and still more petted by Ruth, with whom he professed to be desperately

At the quiet evening gatherings at the vicarage, Ruth met another person who be-came her friend; that was George Mowbray. a young surgeon, who had recently set up in practice in the village. He was a very calm young fellow, but with a certain amount of humor in his conversation and ways which pleased the vicar, and therefore he was a frequent visitor as Ruth her sell, and so they often met. His practice was still moderate, and he had plenty of ny. In the latter science she was much understood; and by and by it came about that Ruth and the young doctor would oc-casionally be found walking in the lanes, atudying the wild-flowers which grew plen-

tifully by the hedgerows. The meetings were innocent of all thoughts of love on either side, and their conversation entirely related to the subjects of their study. The nearest approach to an expression of any thing beyond friendship was when the doctor sent her a

friendship was when the doctor sent her a Christmas card.

He meant nothing by it; and yet when he had written her name on the envelope he lingered over it, and when it was finished eyed it with an expression half critical and more than half tender. He repeated the name to himself, and the sound seemed to please him. He was smiling as he placed that simple card in the envelope. He did not expect that she would send him one, and yet he was disappointed when none came. He did receive pointed when none came. He did receive a goodly number of letters and cards on Christmas morning, and he hastily turned them over seeking the dainty penmanship which he knew well from the list of plants

But he was perfectly calm as he proceeded to examine the contents of the envelopes before him. Somehow, his breakfast did not agree with him that morning, and it suddenly occurred to him that he ought to have visited on the previous night an old lady who lived on a distant part of the weald, and who was always comforted by his appearance, although her ailment was one which he knew could not be cured. When Ruth saw the card which the doc-

tor had sent her, there was a momentary flush on her cheeks, her eyes brightened, and she examined it with much more atwhich she had received. The design was a very simple one, only a forget-me-not resting by the side of a Christmas rose. There

SAMUEL CAWLEY, MILLIONAIRE, be gave to those who in his estimation were likely to be influential friends all the carage on the following evening, the flush sgain appears to be to conquer his grief by hard work."

BY CHARLES GIBBOX.

CHAPTER I.

be gave to those who in his estimation indeed; and when she met him at the vicerage on the following evening, the flush sgain appears to be to conquer his grief by hard work."

"An excellent remedy for such a state of mind," said Mowbray, watching her close-bright blue eyes sparkled as she shook hands with him.

A LETTER FROM ILLINOIS

Then came the early spring, and the walks in the lanes—botany and new books being still the subject of conversation—and each seeming to the other to have no thought of any thing else. Suddenly Dr. Mowbray was an moned

away from the village, and a young college friend of his came to take charge of his small practice during his absence.

Ruth asked the vicar why Dr. Mowbray had gone away so suddenly. "Poor fellow!" was the answer; "he has met with severe losses. His mother is dead; she possessed a little money; and that was taken from her by one who was very dear to her. The blow killed her." Ruth's expression was one of pity and distress.

But will not Dr. Mowbray find the man and punish him?"
The vicar shook his head.

"No; he will not seek him even. This man is his brother, and this leaves poor Mowbray without the slender support he had to enable bim to work on here until his merits were recognized, and secure the reward they deserve.

She went home that evening thinking much about George Mowbray, and her heart full of pity-pity so intense that it was more than akin to love. In such a mool she had an earnest desire to help him in some way. How could she help him except by sympathy? She could give him that, but if she could have given him practical aid, that would have made the sympathy perfect. She was vaguely conjuring up all sorts of dismal pictures of poverty and hardship; and it occurred to her that she might ask her cousin Crawley to do something for him. She shrank from that idea, however, knowing how Crawley would patronize the young doctor, and how the latter would resent such patronage.

So she pitied him and wondered what he was to do, and by the end of the third day she was anxious to learn when he would return, in order that she might offer him all she had to give-her sympathy. Her inquiries at the vicarage about his movements were constant, but always made so simply that the vicar suspected nothing. The girls, however, began to smile, and as le :gth young Ware, suddenly starting up from a book with which he had been lounging on the couch in the drawing room, cried

out, before the whole family:
I say, Ruth, look here, I am getting "Jealous of what, you foolish boy?" she

said, smiling and blushing.
"Oh, you know," be answered, sulkily; 'and I know.'

Happily the vicar was present and checked the boy.
"What is this rudeness, sir?" he said, sternly; "leave the room."

The boy retel'ed against the commands

of his sisters, but he never dared to disabey

his father. As he moved towards the door, Ruth took his hand kindly, but he snatched t away and dug his knuckles into his eyes as if to hide his tears.
"Why, Bob is crying, paps," said one of the girls, as she hurried after him.

The vicar was amazed at this singular

conduct of his son; but he was an easy-going man in most domestic affairs, and, except when some flagrant wrong was com-mitted, allowed his children to have pretty much their own way.

"I am afraid Bob's stomach is out of or-er" he said, practically; "you had better temptation to kiss her was so strong that der," he said, practically; "you had better give him some castor oil, Cissy." Ruth, who understood what Bob was hinting at, made her excuses and got away as early as possible to the lonely house of

her cousin.

Would he come back, or would this distress and shame drive him away from the place altogether? It was not of her consin she was thinking.

Dr. Mowbray returned, a vey pale man, and looking much older than he did when he went away. But there was a steadiness in his eyes and a firmness about the lips which indicated that, if he suffered much he was determined to keep his pain within doors. He spoke to no one of his loss, or of the bitter degradation which he felt is thinking of his brother and the wrong he

had done. as if he had never left the place; thought there was a symptom of reserve in his manner when he touched her hand Formerly he smiled when they shook hands; now he was quite grave, and gave her the conventional salutations in a conventional manner. They did walk through the lane which led toward the vicarage; and they did speak of plants and flowers; but there was certainly constraint in his

As days passed she became conscious that he was trying to avoid her. At first pride bade her turn away from him and forget him, and for a little while she folowed the dictates of her pride. But from her window one day she saw him passing along the road with shoulders bent as if beneath some burden that was too heavy to bear, and pride was thrown away.

The day was foggy; the afternoon was dark; and the doctor, sitting in his consulting-room dreaming, whilst apparently en gaged in the study of some scientific work was roused by the announcement of a visi-

"Show him in," he said, weariedly. "But it's not a 'him,' sir, it's a 'her.'" said the stout middle aged lady who acted as his housekeeper and general servant.

'Very well; I can see the lady.' His visitor was dressed in black, and a thick veil covered her face; but he knew at once who it was, and starting hastily from his seat, exclaimed:

Miss Hansford! She threw back her veil at once, and re plied quickly:
"Yes, Doctor Mowbray, I have come to

ask your advice."
"Are you ill?" he inquired hastily.
"No; but there is a friend of mine who is ill, and I wish you to tell me what may

The two stood regarding each other: she with a perfectly expressionless face, he with an earnestly inquiring gaze, and even

the shadow of a frown upon his brow. But the shadow cleared away, and he placed a chair for his visitor.

"I shall be happy to attend to anything you have to say, Miss Hansford, but it would have been more satisfactory if your friend had come himself. I gather trom what you have said that it is a gentleman about whom you wish to speak." lieve is taking the measles."

about whom you wish to speak."
"Yes, Ductor Mowbray, it would have been better had he spoken for himself, but his chief illness seems to be that he cannot speak for himself; and so, without his leave I have come to speak for him."

"Is it a case of melancholia?"
"I think so."
"Then I had better see him at once," said, half rising from his chair.

He is suffering from great mental distress, and it appears to cause him the greatest pain whenever any one attempts to win his confidence. Even I do not possess his con-fidence, although I am here to consult you he was pleased by the sound of his own praises, whilst he was filled with contempt for the persons who uttered them. He did not express that feeling, however, and Mowbray was that of very warm friendship any cheerful society, and his whole effort

"But then the benefit of the bard work is spoilt by his solitary broadings, and out of these no one appears to have power to rouse him. Do you think any thing can be done for him?"

There was a pause. The doctor rested his elbow on the table and his brow on his hand; with the fingers of the other hand he beat a monotonous tattoo on the book he had been reading. At length:-

"The case is not a very unusual one; there is evidently a greatly disturbed mental condition combined with some power of will-or obstinacy it might be called-which induces your friend to make an effort to fight through his trouble, whatever it may be, without bothering any body."
It is obstinacy, for, in the course he is

adopting, he is causing more pain to those who-those who respect him than he would do if he were to give them the greatest trouble in the world. If he would only speak out he would make us all happy by placing it in our power to do something to

She spoke earnestly, and there was a sweet cadence in her tone which thrilled the man who pretended to be listening to her with professional stoicism. Another pause, and then he turned to her such a white, wearied looking face, that the faint smile upon it seemed to render the expression the more sad. "You are very kind, Miss Hansford, and

your friend is very grateful to vou."
"Do you know him, then?" she inquired with a startled look. He seemed to fling all reserve, all hesi-

tation, from him in the instant, and seizing her hands, he said in a low, passionate one: "Yes, I know him; I am that patient,

and you are the physician!" She had started to her feet, but made no effort to withdraw her hands from him. Her eyes expressed joy mingled with doubt, as if the first impulse had been to throw herself into his arms and cry, for the knew now that Le loved her. But she checked herself and drew back a little He instantly released her; she had not al together wished him to do that; but she was much agitated, and scarcely knew how

"I have offended you," he said, sadly, as he too rose from his chair; "please forgive me. It is a kind of madness that possesses me. So many things have pressed hardly upon me, and I have never been able to relieve myself by boring my friends with my affairs. Do not be angry with a piece of absurdity, but you have been like sunlight to me.

She seemed to make a great effort to speak calmly, and she did look straight into his sad face.
"You must think me very bold in com-

ing here to speak to you of yourself; but I acted as I thought a sincere triend ought to do. I see that I have done no good." "A friend, and not do good?" he ex-claimed, with a slight laugh. "You have done good; you have banished some wild dreams which haunted me in spite of my

self, and you have extinguished a will-o' the wisp of a hope which might have ruined me. Allow me to see you home. There was no confession; indeed, they were uncomfortably formal on the way to the house. But, when they stood at the door, he held her two hands again, and,

hurriedly turned away. That was why her conduct was strange when Cawley arrived

Concluded n at weak **HOW A MARRIED WOMAN GOES TO** 

SLEEP

Pittsburg Leader.

There is an article going the rounds entitled, "How the Girls Go to Sleep." The manner in which they go to sleep, according to the article, can't hold a candle to the way a married woman goes to sleep. Instead of thinking what she should have attended to before going to bed, she volving these matters in her mind, and while anugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his legs in front of the fire. and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she says: "James, did you lock the door?" "Which door?" says James.

"The cellar door," says she.

"No," says James. Well, you better go down and lock it for I heard some person in the back yard last night. Accordingly. James paddles down stairs

and locks the door. About the time James returns and is going to get into bed, she re-"Did you shut the stair door?" "No." says James.

"Well, if it is not shut, the cat will get up into the bedroom. "Let her come up, then," says James ill naturedly.
"My goodness, no," returns his wife. She'd suck the baby's breath, Then James paddles down stairs again.

and steps on a tack, and closes the stair

door, and curses the cat, and returns to the ped-room. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observer: "I forgot to bring up some water. Sup pose you bring some up in the big tin. And so James, with a muttered curse, goes down into the dark kitchen and falls over a chair, and rasps all the tinware off

then jerks the stair door open and howls:
"Where the deuce are the matches?" She gives him minute directions wher the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the neighborhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches. procures the water, comes up stairs and

plunges into bed. Presently his wife says: "James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week

"I don't know what you'll have to pay and don't care," shouts James, as he lurch es around and jams his face against the wall: "all I want is sleep. That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers viciously: "you never think of the worry and trouble have. And there's Araminta, who I be

"Let her take 'em," says James Hereupon she begins to ery softly, bu tle doze she punches him in the ribs wit her elbow and says: "Did you hear that scandal about Mrs.

"What Jones?" says James, sleepily

"Why, Mrs. Jones"
"Why, Mrs. Jones"
"Where?" inquired James.
"I declare," says his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones that lives at No. 21? Well, fay before yesterday, Susan Smith told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Baker has said

A LETTER FROM ILLINOIS

Editor Breckenridge News: Anna, ILL., June 18 -- I am glad to see that my native county is awaking to the importance of railroad communication with the outside world. The railroad affects, ed nore or less, every occupation-every interest. Agriculture, manufactures, com merce, city and country life, banking law. and even government it-elf, have all felt the influence of this great modern internal improvement. Wholly unknown three-fourths of a century ago, it has become the

greatest single factor in the development of the material progress, not only of the Un-ited States, and of the other civilized nations of the earth, but its blessings are being rapidly extended into the hitherto semicivilized and barbarous portions of the The section of country through which your road is to pass is well able to support

a railroad, render it a good investment to those who put their money into it, and at the same time benefit the country to an extent that will star le the old fogy clean out of his boots. There is not an acre of land in Breckenridge county—and as I spent thirty years in the county, I should know it well—but, with plenty of railroads, can be utilized and made valuable. As an example: Southern Islinois, that portion known as Egypt, while it contains much fine land, also contains much that is as poor as ever 'a crow flew over'; yet by a complete system of railroads it is rapidly becoming the most valuable portion of the state-the fruit garden of the great north

When the project of building the Illinois Central railroad—now the longest railway in the world under a single management with an unbroken connection from Soux City to New O leans-was inaugurated in 1850, the best lands in this portion of the state could be bought at government price. The road was completed and trains began running through from Cairo to Chicago in 1856, and it finally occurred to some enterprising individual that fruit would do well here, and he tried it. The result has ex ceeded the magic of Alladin and his wonderful lamp. This county (Union), taken altogether, is not as good, by any means, as Breckenridge. The land, upon an average, will not begin to compare with that, nor does it lay as well; there is scarcely an acre of level land in the county. And yet the quantities of fruits and vegetables annually shipped from the county is simply astonishing. The freights on fruits and vegetables from one station on the Illinois Central in Union county, in a single season was seventy-five thousand dollars. If the freight amounted to that sum from a single station, what must have been the value of the fruit and vegetables from the entire county? Will Breckenridge's tobacco exceed it in value? All kinds of fruit are grown here—apples, peaches, pears, cher-ries, plums, grapes, together with most of the small fruits. There is one man in the county who has sixty acres in strawberries alone. Another man told me that he shipped, this season 1,400 cases of strawberries (twenty-four quarts in a case) off seven acres of ground. The market price Chicago. during the strawberry season, varied from

\$2.00 to \$3.50 per case.

When the fruit craze struck this country lands soon advanced to fabulous prices, the poorest lands, the roughest hills, would command from \$75 to \$100 per acre. It is the craze was at fever-heat, but they are two or three times as valuable as those in Breckenridge. Now, why is this thus? question is easily answered, and so plain that even "a fool need not err therein. Breckenridge, with other counties, which are as yet undeveloped, need only railroad enterprise to bring them out of the kinks. as the old women said when she fed her goslings on roasting ears. There is no part of Breckenridge so poor but it would bring fine fruit. Strawberries do not require rich land, and many other small fruits do well on poor land. All that Breckeeridge needs s plenty of railroads. With these, the enerprise of her citizens will do the rest This county is not devoted to fruit alone Much stock is raised, and wheat and corn are cultivated extensively, while the lumber business is immense, to say nothing of the coal interests. All of these advantages Breckentige may enjoy with railroads. As it is my native county. I rejoice to see it awaking from its Rip Van Winkle slumbers and putting on the enterprise of the latter end of the nineteenth century.

I am favor of the "back raute," as your

numerous correspondents term it, for the L., St. L. and T. railway, believing it will be more beneficial to a larger scope o country, but heartily favor one in any part of the county as being better than no rail-road at all. Build one, and necessity will soon force the country to build others. Let me suggest to Hardinsburg, sit "s'ept while the bridegroom came," to make amends no by building a road from Cloverport, or S.e. phensport, to their town, and thence to Hartford or Elizabethtown, put their tobacco g ound in fruit, and thus make money and live easy. More anon.

LA PARIERE.

SFOOPENDYKE'S BURGLARS.

"Say, my dear," ejaculated Mr. Spoopen lyke, sitting bolt upright in bed with udden jerk; 'say, my dear, wake up! hear burglars in the house. "Who? what burglar?" demanded Mrs Spoopendyke, as she popped up beside her husband. "Who's in the house?"

"Hush! Quit, will ye? I don't know which burglar, but I hear some one moving around. Oh, my! What shall we do?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Let's cover up our

beads. "Why don't you get up and light the gas?" propounded Mr. Spoopendyke in a hoarse whisper. "S'pose you can see who it is in the dark? Strike a light, can't ye? If you had your way we'd both be murdered in bed. Going to light up before we're killed? "I'm afraid." whispered Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, sticking one foot out of bed and

bauling it in as if she had enught a fish Going to sit there like a shot tower and have our throats cut?" interrogated Mr. Spoopendyke. "How'm I going to find a nurglar wit sout a light. Find a match and

light the gas now, quick!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled out of bed and hunted around for a skirt. What's the matter with you? Can't you find a match? Why don't you move?" hissed Mr. Spoopendyke.

"I am, as fast as I can," replied his wife, her teeth chattering. "I'm looking for a

"Oh! you're moving like a railroad, ain't ye? I never saw anything fly like you do. All you want is to be done up in white and blue pape s to be a scidlitz powder. What d'ye want of a pin? Going to stick a pin in the burglar? Why don't you light that

that Mrs. Jones had—"
Here she pauses and listens. James is snoring in profound slumber. With a snort of rage she pulls all the covers off bim, wraps herself up in them and lays

"You won't go down where they are, will you?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Spoupendyke, handing over the garment.

Mr. Spoopendyke vouchsafed no ceply, but donned the habiliments.

"Now, you open the door," said he, "and go to the head of the stairs and ask who said he habiling the stairs and ask who said he had a said he had a

there, while I find my stick. Hurry up, or they'll get away."
"Suppose they are there. What'll I do

"Tell 'em I'm coming. Go ask 'em, will ye? What's the matter with you?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke opened the door about an inch, squealed "Who's there?" slammed the door again, and popped into bed.

"What ails ye?" demanded her bushand.
"What d'ye think you are, any way—a conical shot? Get up, can't ye, and look out. Where's my big stick? What have out. Where's my big stick? What have you done with it? Sent it to school, haven't ye? Go out and ask who's there, will ye, before they come up and slaughter

Once more Mrs. Spoopendyke approached the door and tremulously demanded what was going on. There was no response, to her incalculable relief, and she went to the head of the stairs.

"See anybody," whispered Mr. Spoopen-dyke, looking over her shoulder.
"Who's there?" squealed Mrs. Spoopere-dyke. "Go right away, because my husband is here."
"Oh. you've done it!" exclaimed Mr.

"Oh. you've done it!" exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, as he hauled her back into the room. "Now, how d'ye s'pose I'm going to catch 'em? What do you want to scare em away for? What'd you say any thing about me for? Think this is a nominating convention? What made you leave the house open? Come on down with me? and I'll show you how to lock up."

Down they went, and a careful scruting demonstrated that every thing was fast.

"I don't believe there was any body, there," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as they returned to their chamber.

"It wasn't your fault," retorted Mr.
Spoopendyke. "If you'd got up when I
told you and kept your mouth shut, we'd

have got 'em."
"But you said for me---" "Didn't say any thing of the sort!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke; 'never mentioned your name. We might have been killed, the

way you went to work." I think we'd caught them if they'd been there," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, taking down her hair and proceeding to put it up again.

You'd caught 'em," sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Another time a burglar gets into the house you stay abed, and don't you wake me up again. I won't have any cowardly, fussy woman routing me out this

time of night, ye hear!"
"Yes, dear," and Mrs. Spoopendyke wound her hand in the collar of her liege lord's shirt and went to sleep, secure in his protection.

TRAMPLED TO DEATH.

One Hundred and Ninety Seven Children Killed at Sunderland, England, Loxbox, June 16.—A terrible calamity

involving the death of 178 children, occurred in Sunderland, county Durham, this evening. From details received, it appears that the entertainments given at Victoria Hall by a conjurer were attended almost altogher by children, saveral thousand be-ing in attendance. The accident occurred at the close of the performance. The body of the hall had been entirely cleared of the occupants when some 1,200 of the little children at once came rushing down the stairs from the gallery. At the top of the first flight of stairs was a door that opened only twenty inches, and thus but one child was permitted to pass through at a time at this point. While the mass of children were pushing forward, one of them fell and was unable to rise owing to others crowding. The result was that a great number were pushed down, trampled upon and suffocated. The scene was terrible beyond description. No effort could step the madrush of the afflighted children. They came on pell mell, though, strangely, without much shouting, and in an instant, almost, 178 were knocked down and sufficated to death by others trampling upon them. The greater number of bedies, which were badly mangled from tramping, laid seven or eight deep. Many of the victims who were not kitted had their clothing torn from their bodies, and this, together with the bleeding bodies of the unfortunates, shows the terrible nature of the struggle. The ages of the 178 children known to have been killed ranged from four to fourteen years. The excitement in town when the news spread was terrific. Great crowds rushed scene, until 20 000 people surrounded the hall, and the feeling was so intense that that the authorities ordered out the 68th intantry to preserve order. The work of getting out the loties was begun immediately. They were taid out in the hall, and the [arents of those killed were admitted to idea. tify the bodies of their children. The most heartrending scenes transpired while the identification was in progress. The mothers of the dead children were constantly

ed on discovering the bodies of their little over the catastrophe in Victoria Hall Sat-urday, by which 188 children lost their ives, continues intense. Some of the chidren who escaped say that a report spread through the gallery at the close of the ormance that the child first out of the hall would get a prize, and there was consequently an eager rush for the doors. Others say that they saw a man, just before the rush, partly close the door on the landing where the disnater took place. It will be proved at the inquest on the bodies of the nfortunate little ones that a man bolted the door a a in order to facilitate the distribution of toys to the children as they were leaving the premises. The box con-taining the toys, which had been placed in position in readiness for the distribution of prizes to the children, is still standing near

attering piercing screams, and many faint-

the door. Most of the bodies of the victims will be buried together. The Right Hon. Sir Henry Frederick Ponsonby, Private Secretray to Quren Victoria, has telegraphed to the Mayer of Sunderland that her Majesty directs him to state that she is terribly shocked at the awful calamity, and that her heart bleeds for the suffering of the many bereaved parents. She prays to God to support them in their terrible distress. Sir Henry also says that her Majesty is most anxious to hear how the injured children are. Loxpox, June 19.—The number of deaths caused by the calamity in Sunderland has

Frandulant Votes for Jones, Cincinnati News Journal, June 13,

Mr. Straine, Sunc 10.

Mr. Straine, Sunc 10.

To the Editor of the News Journal:
I've noticed in the past few weeks a great deal in relation to the late democratic convention held at Louisville on the 16th of May.
Colonel Jones says he was beaten by "fraud" Colenel Jones says he was besten by "fram?" and relates his deleful story to a correspondent of year paper at Louisville. He says he received 370 3.5 votes and Mr. Knott 554 2.6. Now, if Colonel Jones will take off the three votes of Elliott county, which were voted for him on forged credentials gotten up in the city of Louisville on the night of the 16th of May, in the presence of a delegate for Col. Jones from Montgomery county; one of the two votes cast for him from Martin county, when the county was entitled to only one votes also two votes from Powell county, which were cast for him by the delegates from Montgomery, when the county was entitled to only one votes also two votes from Powell county, which were county's vote, cast for him by questionable anthority, there being no delegates from said county at the convention—take these eight votes from Col. Jones' count, and it issues Mr. Knott a clear majority Now, we have all this cry of fraud, fraud! Where did it begin and end?

EX-DELEGATE PROV MONTGOMERY.

Before getting rich at the grocery basiness, a man must learn to hope and to weight. -[Glasgow Times.